The IRISH GIRL's

GARLAND,

Containing two excellent

New SONGS.

I. The Farmer and his Plow.

II. The Iriſh Girl.

HULL: Printed and Sold in the Butchery.

The Plowman's Glory.

COME all ye merry Plowmen,
Of courage ſtout and bold,
Who labours all the winter,
Through wind, rain and cold,
To cloath our fields with plenty,
And barn yards to renew,
And crowns them with contentment,
That holds the painful plow.
Of all the occupations,
And trade of every kind,
Through all manured nations,
There is not one I find,
More uſeful in their ſtation,
You'll find I ſpeak it true,
Nor is there one ſo antient,
As is the painful plow.
Hold Plowman, ſaid the gard'ner,
Count not your trade with ours,
But walk ye through the garden,
And view the airy flowars;
See every curious border,
And pleaſant walks review,
There's no ſuch piece of pleaſure
Performed by the Plow.
A paradiſe of pleaſure,
A garden is you know,
In Eden was a garden,
Five thouſand years ago:
And Adam was a gard'ner,
Juſt when he was made new,
So our trade is more antient,
Than is the painful Plow.

Then said the jolly Plowman,
No calling I despise,
For each man has his living,
Upon his trade relies:
And Adam was a gard'ner,
Which he has cause to rue,
For soon he left the garden,
And went to hold the Plow.
He had the whole tutation,
Of every thing was there,
Except the tree of knowledge
Whose fruit appear'd so fair,
That nothing else could please him,
Of all the fruit that grew,
For which he left the garden,
And went to hold the Plow.
Tho' Adam in the garden,
Was set to keep it right,
Yet tell me how long stay'd he,
For I think not one Night,
He eat not of his labour,
But what was not his due,
So was put out from the Garden,
And sent to hold the Plow.
Old Adam was the Plowman,
When plowing was begun,
The next that him succeeded,
Was Cain his eldest Son;
Some of each generation,
This calling doth pursue,
That bread might not be wanting,
I mean the painful Plow.
There's none that knows the plowman,
I think will him disdain,
Who toils all kinds of weather,
Each trade for to maintain,

And were it not for the plowman,
Both rich and poor would rue,
For we have all dependance,
Upon the painful Plow.

These noble Kings and Princes,
Who do delight in wars,
Will for some small pretences,
Raise up great blood and jarrs,
For which they raise great armies,
Their purpose to pursue,
Yet those ye know are maintained
By virtue of the Plow.

Though Samson was a strong man,
And Soloman was wise,
Alexander for to conquer,
Was all that he did prize;
King David he was valiant,
And many thousands slew,
Yet none of these great heroes,
Can live without the plow.

You see the wealthy merchants,
Who trades to far countries,
And ventures all their substance,
Upon the roaring Seas;
They live like Indian Princes,
Who range the roaring seas,
To bring home foreign treasure,
To those who live at ease,
With fine silk from the Indies,
With pepper, silk and blue,
Yet all these ships for bread depends,
Upon the painful Plow.

Tea, pepper and tobacco,
That's useful in thier kind,
And all brought from the Indies,
By virtue of the wind,

But yet the men that brings them,
Will own to what is true,
They cannot fail the ocean,
Without help of the Plow.
They muſt have beer and biſkets,
Rice pudding, flour and peaſe,
To feed their jovial ſailors,
Upon the roaring the ſeas;
Likewiſe they muſt have cables,
With ropes and ſails enough,
And things like thoſe we cannot have,
But by the painful plow.
The gentry of great Britain,
With Ireland, France and Spain,
The Turk and his Seraglio,
And all his glorious train;
And every new Plantation,
With Pagan, Turk and Jew,
There's none of them can live without
The virtue of the Plow.
Nor can our tradeſmen live,
If we conſider right,
The maſon, ſmith and weaver,
The taylor and the wright,
The miller had no corn to grind,
Nor could he take his due,
But him and thouſands you will find,
Depends upon the Plow.
You ſee the curious baker,
Who daily doth ſupply,
Our cities with great plenty,
Of bread both wheat and rye;
Appearing white like angels,
When in their common hue,
Yet they can get no flour to bake,
Without the painful Plow.

The maltster and the ale-wives,
On others doth depend;
Were't not such occupations,
Excisemen could not fend?
But if he had not maltsters,
No ale our wives could brew,
Yet none of all those callings,
Can live without the Plow.

But here's a great vexation,
Which makes our spirits fail,
A heavy new taxation,
Com'd on our wives's ale,
So then it only makes a pise,
I mean the ale they brew,
'Tis weak enough, but yet for this,
We need not blame the Plow.

For we have malt and barley,
With plenty of each grain,
And if our ale be weakly,
The less it harms the brain,
We'll get but beef or cheese,
And cloaths we'll get but few,
So we muft learn to be content,
With what springs from the Plow.

Such things it now become so dear,
Beef, mutton, wool and cheese,
Great men for such commodities,
Can just have what they please,
The poor no meat or cloaths,
Or any thing that's new,
For every thing gives double price,
But what springs from the Plow.

We hear from distant nations,
Of wars by land and sea,
Still making preparations,
Striving for monarchy,

Still making new encroachments,
Upon each others due,
While we are glad to live in peace,
With what ſprings from the plow.
Three mighty powers in Europe
Againſt us do advance,
Led by the crafty motions of,
That reſtleſs fox of France,
May Heaven ſend aſſiſtance,
To quell that reſtleſs crew,
And us the true enjoyment,
Of what ſprings from the plow.
May Heaven ſend proſperity,
And long life to our King,
For we've had many peaceful days
And plenty in his reign,
And may our Foes by George's ſword
Be glad for peace to ſue,
And let us ſay with one accord,
God ſpeed the painful plow.
I hope there's none offended
At me for ſinging this,
For it was not intended,
For to be ta'en amiſs;
If ye conſider rightly,
You'll ſay it is all true,
All trades that I have mentioned
Lives by the painful Plow.

The Iriſh Girl.

O My back and my belly,
All the pain lies in my ſide;
This I got by my own folly,
Lying by a young man's ſide.

Give my ſervice to the young man,
That is cloathed all in black;
For if I was the Queen of England,
You ſhould be my heart's delight.

Give my ſervice to the young man,
That is cloathed all in blue,
For if I was the Queen of England,
I will quickly marry you.

Give my ſervice to the young man,
That is cloathed all in red;
For if I was the Queen of England,
He ſhould have my maidenhead.

Give my ſervice to the young man,
That is cloathed all in brown,
For if I was the Queen of England,
He ſhould quickly wear the crown.

Give my ſervice to the young man,
That lives at the barber's Poll;
Tell him that I am well and hearty,
Tho' that I came in the black hole.

Paddy Wack is com'd to gateſhead,
For to let the laſſes know,
That he is going to ſea to-morrow,
Whether the wind be fair or no.